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## Tourist Supplement.

SATURDAY: 7 JUNE, 1902.

### Books about Places.

#### A Retrospect.

It is our practice in June to endeavour to summarise the topographical literature of the last twelvemonth. The production of such literature since last summer has not, we think, been so great as usual; and the number of outstanding books is certainly small.

It is not difficult, however, to name the book in which travel and literature walk most conspicuously hand in hand. Mr. George Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea* (Chapman and Hall), which appeared last June, too late for notice in our Supplement, is a book which lifts itself easily above the topographical literature of a good many recent years. As we then pointed out, a novelist ought to be able to produce a better book of travel than the man of action and adventure. Stevenson's travel books are esteemed by many far above his stories and even above his essays. His essentially discursive, lingering, and fantastic mind found a perfect vent in books like *Travels with a Donkey and An Inland Voyage*. A literary book of travel by Mr. Meredith would surely have been a delightful possession. Moreover, in the case of a novelist of any depth and complexity of mind a travel book would provide a most interesting sidelight on his work. This was the case with Mr. Gissing's book. Merely to find the close student of the London suburbs, the explorer of the financial Whirlpool, and the relentlessly critical portrayer of Demos, sailing the Ionian Sea was a refreshment and a piquant satisfaction of curiosity. Mr. Gissing went by steamer from Naples to Paolo, thence over the mountains to Cosenza, thence by train to Taranto. At Taranto began the journey proper—southward along the length of the coastwise line from Taranto to Reggio, by the malarial Ionian shore. Mr. Gissing selected Apulia, Basilicata, and Calabria, because they are saturated with classical tradition. He wandered by the banks of the Crathis; he "lunched at Sybaris"; he was ill at Croton. From all these places he looked back on England—the England of the masses—with a new sense of its indifference and backwardness in the feeling for art and the graces of life. Of the Calabrian pottery he says: "There must be great good in a people which has preserved this need of beauty through ages of servitude and suffering. Compare such domestic utensils—these oil-jugs and water-jars—with those in the house of an English labourer. Is it really so certain that all virtues of race dwell with those who can rest amid the ugly and not know it for ugliness?" The novelist of Camberwell is found looking with his long-accustomed eyes into the life of a female drudge at the hotel at Croton. "When she went on to say that she was alone in the world, that all her kith and kin were *freddi morti* (stone dead), a pathos in her aspect and her words took hold upon me; it was much as if some heavy-laden beast of burden had suddenly found tongue, and protested, in the rude beginnings of articulate utterance, against its hard lot. If only one could have learnt, in ultimate detail, the life of this domestic serf." Here Mr. Gissing must have had the sensation of reading a passage in one of his own novels in an Italian dialect.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's book, *The Path to Rome*, ranks next

to, or with, Mr. Gissing's. We have reviewed it so recently that it is superfluous to add to our praise of this record of a vowed pilgrimage. The vow, however, is worth repeating; it was this: "I will start from the place where I served in arms for my sins; I will walk all the way and take advantage of no wheeled thing; I will sleep rough and cover thirty miles a day, and I will hear mass every morning; and I will be present at high mass in St. Peter's on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul." A book of unusual originality and gusto.

Next in literary interest we should place Mr. Francis Gribble's *Lake Geneva: Its Literary Landmarks* (Constable), and Mr. Douglas Sladen's *In Sicily* (Sands). Mr. Gribble's book is not likely to be superseded for many years. In it the visitors to Geneva will find all that is best worth remembering on the spot about Bouvard, Calvin, Beza, Rousseau, and many other men and women who lived on the shores of "placid Leman" many years or few. Mr. Gribble compiled his facts with care and set them forth with skill and humour; but his book did not greatly increase our desire to sojourn on the shores of the great lake. The personal gusto was somewhat lacking, and we could have excused more omissions than we found for the sake of some interesting bias. Sainte Beuve, Ruskin, Dickens, and Amiel all went unmentioned, though by these writers the poetry and significance of Geneva were felt in that alluring degree which lifted all that they wrote about the place into literature.

Mr. Sladen's book on Sicily was of an astonishing bigness. His enthusiasm and his vast collection of facts and photographs betrayed him into writing two immense volumes, the appearance and weight of which were in curious contradiction to the very light travel gossip and rather journalistic gaiety of the text. He speaks of Sicilian scenery as "hypnotic," and we have sentences like, "Of course Etna is very much in evidence at Catania." But enthusiasm and beautiful photographs cover many little sins, and this book will certainly be consulted and admired.

A popular, if rather overdone, class of books is that which might be called *In Authors' Footsteps*. It is surely a sign of the times that such a book has been written even for cyclists. Mr. F. W. Bockett's *Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels* seems to unite two rather different orders of ideas. Mr. Bockett takes his pedalling pilgrims to Farnham, where Cobbett was born; to Albury, where Martin Tupper wrote; and to the countries of Jane Austen, Gilbert White, Charles Kingsley, and Dorothy Osborne; and does it all very pleasantly.

Two books on Mr. Hardy's country have provided the novelist's readers with the material for a holiday of criticism and identification. *The Wessex of Thomas Hardy* is a veritable encyclopædia in its way, minutely patient and industrious if not very engaging. Mr. New's illustrations, some fifty in number, give brightness to this rather tremendous book, published by Mr. Lane at a guinea. For less affluent readers Mr. Wilkinson Sherren's *The Wessex of Romance* (Chapman and Hall) may be recommended, but the identification craze is again pushed rather far. We are told, and we believe it, that "all the matter contained in the following pages has been written without the slightest co-operation or fore-knowledge of Mr. Hardy."

Desultory, interesting, and full of sympathy is Mr. W. S. Crockett's *The Scot Country* (Black); decidedly a book to note.

The Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's *Ruskin and the English Lakes* (MacLehose) has an inevitable interest for the disciples of Ruskin, and to them it may be recommended.

We come next to those topographical books which have behind them the energy of a "series." Messrs. Dents' County handbooks have included *Surrey*, by Mr. Walter Jerrold, and *The Lake District*, which we review on another page. These books are delightfully produced.

A rather out-standing book is Mr. Reginald A. Beckett's *Romantic Essex*, issued by the same publisher. Mr. Beckett writes with absolute enthusiasm about a county which is still voted tame by most travellers. To him its creeks and water-ways, its villages, windmills, low chalk hills, and ancient churches have a rare homeliness and charm. In pleading for his county he quotes Whitman's words: "The trick is, I find, to tone your wants and tastes low down enough, and to make much of negatives, and of mere daylight and the skies"; adding, on his own account, the discreet summary: "The friendly simplicity of the landscape, of the homes of the people, and of the people themselves—this is the soul of Essex."

In a series which moves slowly, but surely, Messrs. Blackwood have issued *Belgium and the Belgians*, by Mr. Cyril Scudamore, a sound and entertaining account of that humanity of the country of which the ordinary guide book takes little or no cognisance. Mr. Scudamore writes with knowledge about the government, educational system, religious bodies, military forces, folk-lore, and town life of a country which is none too familiar to Englishmen.

In Messrs. Macmillan's "Highways and Byways" series we have had Mr. A. G. Bradley's *Lake District*, with Mr. Pennell as illustrator, and quite recently, *Hertfordshire*, which is reviewed on another page.

Mr. Baring-Gould's *Book of Brittany* (Methuen) is another attempt to supplement the Guide Book proper. Mr. Baring-Gould pours out facts, legends, anecdotes, and ethnological learning. His book can be recommended to the determined tourist as a budget of information dug out of libraries for his special benefit.

For a view of Norway chiefly as a land of sport, Mr. A. Edmund Spender's *Two Winters in Norway* (Longmans) can be recommended. It contains a good pen portrait of Isben. Mrs. Thomas's *Denmark, Past and Present* (Treherne) is careful, minute, and practical, and it contains a brief survey of Danish literature; but the book is not too lively.

The supply of books about London seldom pauses and never fails altogether. Mr. Arthur H. Beavan's *Imperial London* (Dent) takes after Charles Knight's *London*, much the same general classification of subjects and aspects being used. Instead of a topographical progress through the town, we have chapters on "Official, Legislative, and Diplomatic London," "Mercantile London," &c. Mr. Beavan's book, which is profusely illustrated and handsomely bound, would be an ideal book to give to a young man newly arrived in London, though it will not do anything to form his literary style.

Mr. W. J. Loftie on London is always worth reading, and in his *London Afternoons* he has given us the recreations of a serious student, dealing successively and lightly with such themes as Newgate, London's ancient rivers, the older City churches, and even Camberwell. In his paper on London fifty years ago we remember a striking picture of Oxford Street in 1843.

We have reviewed very recently the interesting annual record of the *London Topographical Society*, and the Society's admirable reproduction of Salway's plan of the road between Hyde Park Corner and Addison Road made in 1811.

Almost as recently we have drawn attention to Dr. Edgar Sheppard's admirably comprehensive and well illustrated book, *The Old Palace of Whitehall* (Longmans); Lord Ronald Gower's standard work on the *Tower of London* (Bell); and Messrs. Freemantle's beautiful reprint of Leigh Hunt's *Old Court Suburb*.

Guide books proper have not been numerous during the year, but high praise is due to the series which Messrs. Macmillan have begun under the general title of "Macmillan's Guides." The *Western Mediterranean*, *Eastern Mediterranean*, *Palestine and Egypt*, and *Touraine and Brittany* volumes, published at 10s. 6d. each, are in every way helpful. The maps and plans leave nothing to be

desired in number and quality; the formal information seems accurate and well digested; and the more human and literary jottings are quite good.

### Pleasant Hertfordshire.

*Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire*. By H. W. Tompkins. With Illustrations by F. L. Griggs. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

LAMB and Hertfordshire are essentially as inseparable as lamb and mint-sauce, and Mr. Tompkins, ere he "trusses up his fardels," and foots it as our guide through that umbrageous land, expands lovingly over so pleasant a fact. That it renders classical to Mr. Tompkins the very name of the county and refines its delicate air is a radiant point in his favour. That he holds there is nothing like leather is another. We are delighted that he wears out the soles of his honest boots rather than the tyres of his wheels. For his feet carry him rejoicing through many a pretty pastoral, which, did they not gather mud, he might have whirled past unheeding. And he gathers not mud only, but an atmosphere of sorts, as your walker is apt to do. For to your elect walker, perhaps more than to other travellers, the rivers, fields, and woods, and little communities of men lapt in their close environment, so small that a single cloud-shadow shall obscure all the village and its outlying farms: these, with their histories, and the lives of their birds and beasts and fishes, are Eldorados of rest and healing—Eldorados of placid adventure and shining with assured gold. And we unwilling Cockneys, beginning to miss the very horses from our streets when we are not transported in tubes, cannot be too often reminded that all round London, from the last new suburb away to the unbuilt horizon, these Eldorados call and call.

So starting from Broxbourne in early spring, and marching down its winding street in a fine drizzling rain, our wanderer passes westwards through Hertford and St. Albans, which he enters under a deep blue and cloudless sky: at Rickmansworth he turns northwards, and loiters through Tring Park, when it is musical with the voices of the cuckoo and the dove: tramping eastwards he reaches Flamstead under "the ragged rims of thunder, brooding low": near Stevenage, away to the north-east, he is greeted by the blue cornflowers, survivors of the barley-reaping: northwards again, by Baldock, thousands of forget-me-nots line the banks of Ivel for his sweet refreshment. We choose to mention these trifles to show that Master Venator Tompkins has a cheerful heart and a seeing eye, which he takes care to carry about with him in addition to that roll of parchment wherein are inscribed the descents of manors and the sites of battles. Not that he has no vision for the past, for the Roman legionary, "dim as dust," moves before him down Watling Street, and from the ruins of Sopwell rises Dame Juliana Berners, while the reed-sparrow chatters from the Ver. Most of England rattles with immemorial memories: so does Hertfordshire, as with leaves: and we do not think Mr. Tompkins has omitted to touch upon whatever historical and literary associations belong to the places he visited, and he appears to have touched upon them informingly and accurately.

As Master Piscator (himself a fisher of the Hertfordshire Lea) says that those of his readers who do not care for his book should at least admire the excellent picture of the trout, so we might say to the unlikely person who did not take to Mr. Tompkins that he should at any rate approve of Mr. Griggs. For Mr. Griggs has shown himself to be the possessor of a charming and very English talent in the drawings that crowd these pages with churches, and halls, and cottages, and sunny village streets. He has a sure eye for the subtle lines of buildings touched by Time, and his hand expresses what he sees with a delighted sobriety that reminds us of the spirit of Bewick. This directness

and truth is, of course, of the utmost value in topographical work, and where it is united, as here, with a happy sense of selection, we cannot praise it too highly. There is only one point in his art upon which we cannot congratulate Mr. Griggs. His skies, either of the dead or explosive kind, depress or appal us. But a little study of the shifting topography of the firmament will set that matter right.

*The Story of Cairo.* By Stanley Lane-Poole, Litt.D., M.A., Prof. of Arabic at Trin. Coll., Dublin. (J. M. Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume in Messrs. Dent's series of "Medieval Towns" is by an Orientalist of general renown as editor of the *Arabian Nights*, besides the credentials known only to scholars. Cairo, as he remarks, dates its rise to metropolitan glory from about "the arbitrary millennium of the middle period of history" (no such arbitrary period as he supposes), and is thus a medieval city. This is, in truth, the story of an Eastern medieval city told by an expert, an expert who knows how to tell it, with a result no less fascinating than informing. The word "Preface" is not enthralling: but the moral of this book lies in the Preface, the pith and result of the pages which follow; set forth, moreover, with so much *verve* and convincingness, such literary sap, that we make no apology for quoting from it at length, as best preparing the reader for what he will find to be the atmosphere of this Cairene "story."

[The Cairene] looks back longingly to the glorious old days of the Mamlûks . . . and regrets the excitements of those stirring times. What good, he asks, comes of all this worry? Justice? More often a man had need of a little injustice, and a respectable tradesman could usually buy that from the Kadi before these new tribunals were set up. As to fixed taxes and no extortion, that was chiefly a matter for the stupid fellahen; and after all the old system worked beautifully when you shirked payment, and your neighbour was bastinadoed for your share. Then all this fiddling with water and drains and streets—what is it all for? When Willcocks or Price Bey have put pipes and patent traps and other godless improvements into the mosques, will one's prayers be any better than they were in the pleasant pervasive odour of the old fetid tanks? [Unanswerable, that!] The streets are broader, no doubt, to let the Firengis, Allah blacken their faces! roll by in their two-horsed arabiyas and splash the Faithful with mud; but for this wonderful boon they have taken away the comfortable stone benches from before the shops, and the Cairo tradesman misses his old seat, where unlimited *keyf* and the meditative shibûk once whiled away the leisure of his never-pressing avocations. No; pure water and drains, and bicycles and tramcars, and a whole array of little black-coated efendis pretending to imitate the Kafirs may be all very well in their place, but they are ugly, uninteresting things, and life at Cairo has been desperately dull since they came in. In one of the suggestive essays in his delightful book on *Asia and Europe*, Mr. Meredith Townsend has shown how interesting life must have been in India before England introduced order and all the virtues. The picture might have been drawn in Cairo with trifling alterations. . . . There were events then; something to see and think of, and possibly fly from; plenty of blood and assassination, perhaps, but then you could always shut and bar the strong gates of the quarter, when the Mamlûks or the Berbers, or, worst of all, the black Sudânis, were on the war path.

Dear Cairene brother! Across the seas we waft thee sympathy. What! because John Bull is virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale? Yea, by the Prophet! and ginger shall yet be hot i' the mouth. Therefore let the drab-souled Western read *The Story of Cairo*.

*The Story of Chartres.* (*Medieval Towns.*) By Cecil Headlam. Illustrated by Herbert Railton. (Dent. 4s. 6d. net.) THIS latest addition to Mr. Dent's series of "Medieval Towns" is the story of a fascinating town, told with an

enthusiasm which enforces response. Take only the passage about the stained glass of Chartres Cathedral:—

You watch the wine-red, the blood-red, the yellow and the brown of the Rose of France, till the memory of all other beauty upon earth fades in the intoxication of that stupendous colouring. You turn at last, and . . . you are startled into another ecstasy. . . . You cannot believe that there are other colours as exquisite, until you see once more those blues and greens, ultramarines and peacock-blues and azures, and those fiery reds which shine in upon the astonished sight from the windows of the South transept and the aisles. And still there remains the lights of the choir and the apse, and still the old glories, ever new, of the azure of the western lancets, the sapphires and rubies of the western rose.

When you have read the whole fervid description from which this is but a fragment, your mouth is watering to see Chartres windows and—live. For surely a new lease of vitality must come from the mere gazing on such beatitudes of colour. The whole book is written with a like unflagging love and knowledge, and makes, assuredly, one of the most arresting volumes of the series. Read it, and Chartres will cry to you—"Come!"

### The Lakes.

*The Lake Counties.* By W. G. Collingwood. (Dent. 4s. 6d.)

WE can hardly imagine anyone better equipped than Mr. Collingwood for the writing of such a guide-book as this, a book, that is to say, which aims at being something more than a mere guide-book. Mr. Collingwood knows the Lake Country in and out; there is nothing perfunctory about his work; on nearly every page there are touches which reveal intimate knowledge and loving appreciation. And in addition to this quality of actuality, Mr. Collingwood brings to his work a nice literary sense; it is not too obtrusive, but one is pleasantly conscious of it; he is allusive without appearing to force allusions. Perhaps Ruskin is quoted too often and Wordsworth too little, and one could have wished to hear rather more of De Quincey and less of smaller men; to this it may be replied that De Quincey was not a native, but then neither was Ruskin.

Mr. Collingwood sets out to guide the traveller to the best as well as to the most obvious. He says:—

Our tiny Lake district, properly and strictly so-called, lies within a circle of about thirty miles across. A good walker can go right through it in a day; a cyclist can "do" it and nod to pretty nearly every lake and mountain of importance in a couple of rides. But all round this inner circle lies a fringe of hill-country full of charming scenery, full of interesting story, which is far less known than it deserves. Of course, who goes to Lakeland goes to view the lakes, and is disappointed if there is not a sheet of water in the picture. But some of the finest dales have no lakes, like Eskdale and the Duddon valley. Some of the prettiest have no great mountains overhanging, like the Winster and the Rusland valleys, the Kent, the Lune, and Edenside. The guide-books say there is nothing to detain the traveller, and so the traveller takes a through ticket to Windermere or Keswick, rushes from height to height, and tires out "admiration, hope, and love."

Those who know this "fringe of hill-country" will understand the service which Mr. Collingwood does to those who otherwise might leave it unexplored.

So the author takes us up hill and down dale, and of most places has something arresting to say, either legendary or historical, descriptive or alive with human interest. He recalls that extraordinary mirage which, in the midsummer of 1745, showed to a group of people on Southerfell "an army, with carriages, which could not possibly be." It was discovered later that that evening, far to the North, the Jacobite army had been parading. On Helvellyn a similar sight was observed on the eve of

Marston Moor. Mr. Collingwood recalls, too, that delightful story of the '45, which tells how the Highlanders reached the bishop's house at Carlisle just as Bishop Fleming's granddaughter was being christened. Captain Macdonald presented the baby with a white cockade and promptly withdrew his men. Of Mr. Collingwood's descriptive manner the following passage is a fair example. He is speaking of Hardknott house:—

There are not many places where story and scenery are tuned together to such a high pitch. There are Chillon and Tell's Chapel, but the story is apocryphal. There is the field of Sempach, but the scenery is naught. But here is a wonderfully complete relic of that marvellous Roman power which threw all the savage North into fetters of roads with locks of fortress, and held it so for three centuries of reluctant civilisation; their walls you see, their gates, their dwelling-houses, temple and bath, the very plot of rugged moor levelled by their engineers for the daily drill and sport of their troops—"Law, order, duty and restraint, obedience, discipline," visibly stamped upon the wildest, proudest heart of the intractable mountain-land.

That is by no means ordinary guide-book writing.

The volume is illustrated, and has special articles on geology, fishing, shooting, and so forth. The maps, of which there are six, are clear and good. But the general index is very incomplete.

### Sport.

*Moose-Hunting, Salmon-Fishing, and other Sketches of Sport.* By T. R. Pattillo. (Sampson Low. 6s. net.)

THIS narrative of sport in Canada has the merits of spirit and frankness; if these were absent we should hardly have the patience to read so quaint and ungrammatical a jumble as Mr. Pattillo has compiled. Many of the faults might easily have been corrected, for Mr. R. B. Marston tells us in a prefatory note that the MS. "required some little revision and making up into chapters." No doubt Mr. Marston considered that "the author's unvarnished, fresh, and straightforward manner" was best let alone; but that letting alone has set our teeth on edge. However, taking Mr. Pattillo's work as it is here presented to us, there is no lack of excitement of sorts and a fine tale of slaughter. The most interesting chapters are those dealing with moose-hunting, in which Mr. Pattillo and his companions had more good fortune than falls to the lot of most men. Their methods, however, were not quite those which we should consider sound. A moose was within fifty yards of three guns. Says Mr. Pattillo:—

I was so excited that it was hard to hold my gun steady. There he stood, his breath nearly falling on us, but looking directly, as we thought, at us. "If he would only turn quartering, so that we could get his shoulder!" We did not have long to wait before he turned side-to, as much as to say, "Shoot away!" "Are you ready, Bob?" One! two! "Bang-ang-ang!"—all three guns. Our monster—where was he? On the ground, kicking his last kick. . . .

It is only fair to add that later Mr. Pattillo did develop scruples, and would have hesitated to be one of three guns all firing at once at a range of fifty yards. The moose thus slaughtered was a noble beast, scaling 950 lbs.

Mr. Pattillo's descriptions of trout and salmon-fishing will make the hands of many an angler tingle as he reads, though some of the water he fished, notably the Medway in south-western Nova Scotia, has now become a resort of angling clubs, in spite of which the river is so badly preserved that poachers trap hundreds of salmon before they reach the first ground. The author also had excellent sport with blue-wings and geese, and there are some amusing descriptions of fights with albacore and sharks. Mr. Marston considers that Mr. Pattillo's account of albacore-fishing will send many anglers to Nova Scotia to tackle

these monsters with rod and line, and we have no doubt he is right. The possible catch of a fish weighing 600 lbs. is enough to send a keen sportsman to the ends of the earth.

### In Time of Peace.

*Everyday Life in Cape Colony.* By X. C. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

THIS simple narrative of farming and general experiences of South Africa in peace time is fairly interesting, and might have been valuable, if the author had been more explicit and more lavish of detail. As it is, the volume can be of little practical use, for the reader learns from it nothing as to the cost of land, the prices of labour and produce, and so forth. We only know that the author bought "several erven of land in Alale, consisting of dense bush, mostly very thorny mimosa," and that he and another settled upon and cultivated this patch of earth. Their difficulties commenced with the clearing of the bush, and ranged through the usual pests of snakes, natives, wasps, field mice, maisonts, cows, and locusts. A few years of work and the gradual erection of good fencing turned the blossoming wilderness into a practicable garden, but we want to hear how far the result was worth the labour. For facts, however, the reader must go elsewhere.

Of the native labourers "X. C." speaks well; they were, he says, "very satisfactory and gave no trouble, taking an intelligent interest in their occupation. When natives get settled down and interested in any work, they become thoroughly attached to it, and if anything happens to their work feel it keenly. I heard of one native shedding tears when a horse he had been tending for some time was sold. My boys were always anxious that their work should have the best possible results." With regard to the general missionary question "X. C." is emphatic: by all means, he says in effect, Christianize the natives; they will have leaders, and it is better that these should be pastors than not. "My own experience with professing Christian natives," he continues, "has been in every way satisfactory. They have been honest and straightforward, steady and industrious." This is interesting, though not altogether in line with common experience.

The general atmosphere and scenery of South Africa appear to have affected the author as they seem to affect all who have experienced them. The freedom, the magnificent air, the abrupt gradations of temperature, the wonderful sense of space, combine to turn those who are at first mere colonists into lovers of their adopted land. This, though it may seem a trifling matter, cannot fail largely to affect the future. It makes for the permanence of settlers, for the continuity of families, and finally for the establishment of the right kind of colonial aristocracy. The best parts of this little book are those which give expression to the author's appreciation of the natural charm of Cape Colony.

### A Popular Series.

*Black's Guides: Ilfracombe and North Devon, Exeter and East Devon, Plymouth and Dartmoor, Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon, Bournemouth and the New Forest, Guernsey, Jersey, Ireland.* (A. & C. Black. 6d. and 1s.)

No series of inexpensive illustrated guide-books is better known and valued than Messrs. Black's. Many of them are issued at sixpence in stiff paper covers, and in cloth at one shilling. Mr. Hope Moncrieff, the editor of the series, is thoroughly experienced in the highly specialised work of bringing all the right information into small compass and into an orderly and helpful scheme

of arrangement. At the same time he constantly suggests other sources of information for the tourist who is bent on a close study of a restricted area.

Literary associations are noted with as much frequency and thoroughness as we have a right to expect. Dipping into the *Guide to Ilfracombe and North Devon* we find an adequate note on the Lorna Doone country. The visitor is informed that the Doone valley (which is apt to disappoint after the heightened picture of Blackmore's story) lies under Badgeworthy Hill, an hour's walk above Malnismead Bridge; on the left side of the stream. A refreshment house on the way is called "Lorna's Bower." You keep up the stream to a wood of oak trees, beside which a tributary tumbles down a glen over a series of tiny falls. This is John Ridd's "Waterslide," which can be more easily tracked upwards than in his case. Crossing it by a bridge the path leads on for about a mile; then you turn on the right by another brook into a sidecombe where a single cottage looks down on the Doone Houses, or rather hovels, that at no time can have been anything but the roughest dwellings, and are now little more than a trace of ruined enclosures. It is quite easy to get out upon the moor beyond, where by a tale-teller's license Mr. Blackmore has made the difficulty of egress and ingress worthy of a hero. In the same volume the lovers of *Westward Ho!* are told how they may occupy the very chamber in which Kingsley wrote his story, part of which, at any rate, was written in what is now the Royal Hotel, adjoining the station; the owner of which possessed a collection of rare works consulted both by Kingsley and the late Mr. Froude. This is one of the most interesting houses in Bideford, incorporating portions of the original structure, which belonged to a tobacco merchant of the seventeenth century. More than one of the rooms have fine ceilings ornamented with fruit, foliage, &c., in relief, the Italian workmanship of which is worth inspection.

One would like to see some of the newer literary associations of these delightful districts noted. We miss in the Exeter and Plymouth Guides any tribute to the admirable descriptions of Dartmoor in Mr. Eden Phillpotts's stories. There is no lack of reference to the George Eliot country in the *Guide to Leamington*. It is about Nuneaton that the tourist finds himself trying to identify Mrs. Poyser's farm, as he walks about the "Stonyshire" and "Loamshire" of Adam Bede.

In the *Guide to Ireland*, edited by Mr. R. T. Lang, and priced at five shillings, a much more comprehensive task is performed—the whole of the country being taken under survey. This volume is admirably mapped, and for a first visit to Ireland no better Guide can be desired.

### In Red Covers.

*Ward, Lock's Illustrated Guide Books: Penzance, Land's End, Scilly Isles; Whitby; Llandudno and the Northern Section of North Wales.* (Ward, Lock. Each 1s.)

THERE is a brightness about these well-known Guide Books which gives them a certain distinctiveness. Each contains from forty to sixty illustrations, and takes the place named in its title as a centre of excursions. The difficulties of the Guide Book editor are amusingly illustrated by the refusal of visitors to accept as final the statement that the steps by which they ascend to the Abbey of St. Hilda are 199 in number. "Vigorous visitors," says the editor, "with a taste for exactitude have been known to spend an hour or two in going up and down this *Via Dolorosa*, in the hope of finding that the guide-books are wrong, and that the number is either 200 or 198. It is usual for two people to go together, in order that there may be no mistake in counting. No two persons have ever been known to agree, however, nor do any two ascents or descents give the same result. To the best of our knowledge, information and belief, there are 199 steps, but if any reader will send a sworn affidavit by himself and five others, each of

whom has been up and down at least six times, to the effect that the number is wrong, we shall be happy to make a correction in a future issue."

The literary associations of the places described are noted briefly. In the *Penzance* volume our eye alights on the astonishing sentence in which Ruskin attempted to describe in a sustained roll and writhing of words the breaking of the Atlantic upon Land's End:—

At the Land's End there is to be seen the entire disorder of the surges, when every one of them, divided and entangled among promontories as it rolls, and beaten back post by post from walls of rock on this side and that side, recoils like the defeated division of a great army, throwing all behind it into disorder, breaking up the succeeding waves into vertical ridges, which in their turn, yet more totally shattered upon the shore, retire in more hopeless confusion, until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured, undirected rage, bounding and crashing, and coiling in an anarchy of enormous power, sub-divided into myriads of waves, of which every one is not, as it remembered, a separate surge, but part and portion of a vast one, actuated by eternal power, and giving in every direction the mighty undulations of impetuous life, which glides over the rocks and writhes in the wind, overwhelming the one and piercing the other with the form, fury and swiftness of a sheet of lambent fire.

What the editor of this Guide Book says about the comparatively disappointing look of the Land's End is true, but the majesty of the situation can, we fear, be rarely appreciated by the visitor who alights from a char-a-banc to gaze round him for a couple of hours and then departs as he comes. We have seen those democratic vehicles depart toward St. Just and St. Buryan, and it is then that the Land's End becomes impressive. Few sensations are finer than those with which the lonely watcher sees the night come down on that iron foot of England.

### The Seaside.

*Seaside Watering Places in England and Wales.* (L. Upcott Gill. 2s. 6d. net.)

WHERE is the seaside? Shakespeare placed it in Bohemia, and with as much idiosyncrasy, if with less error, we all place it where we have seen the waves break. The seaside is Scarborough or Swanage, Minehead or Morecambe, Southwold or Bude, as you please. No one has a use for the whole seaside, but many people will have a use for a gazetteer of seaside places in which they may find information and photographs, and, in these, a basis for the choice of a holiday destination. The book before us is the gazetteer in question, and it is already in its twenty-sixth year of publication. Its aim is to give just so much information as will enable the holiday-maker to label his luggage with a resolved mind. To this end the volume sets forth the means of access to each of many hundred places on our coasts, the nature of the climate, the type of scenery, the opportunities for excursions, amusement, and sport, and the chief hotels. Very sensibly, too, the less known resorts are not starved; on the contrary, they are frequently described more fully than those watering-places which everyone visits sooner or later. For "facility of reference" the towns are ranged in their order of sequence along the coast; but we fancy that an alphabetical arrangement would be simpler for those who are weak in geography. As it is we begin with Spittal, a suburb of Berwick, and descending the east coast, work round to the north-west, ending with Sillioth and Skinburnness. The islands are mustered in an archipelago at the end of the volume. In a work of this kind some errors are inevitable, and, recognising this, the editor has provided some blank pages for notes. We notice that Tynemouth, on the Northumbrian coast, is rather

loosely described. The old lighthouse in the Priory grounds, from the summit of which the visitor is invited to survey the coast, no longer exists and should be cut out of the illustration on page 13. The quay by the Low Lights is not at Tynemouth, but at North Shields. Guide Book concentration produces the rather quaint sentence: "Tynemouth is within twenty minutes' rail of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which, in its turn, is only six and a half hours' journey from King's Cross." A little more care might be used in the selection of adjectives, so as to preserve some scale of description. The "splendid pier" at Silloth is but a wooden jetty, pleasant and serviceable but in no way splendid. These are but trifles; still a work of this kind should be as carefully weeded as a garden. As it is *Seaside Watering Places* fills a gap and fills it well.

### London.

*Darlington's London and Environs.* By Emily Constance Cook and E. T. Cook. Third edition. (Darlington. 5s.)

THIS admirable Guide to London is now too well known to need description. The present edition is stated to have been brought up to date, but one of the first items mentioned in the preface, a description of the Passmore Edwards' Settlement, has eluded our search; the institution is merely mentioned. Nor can we be certain that the effort to keep this hand-book abreast of the times has been very strenuous. We are told that Whitefield's Tabernacle gave place in 1890 to a modern iron building. It did, but the latter has since given place to a permanent brick building. One would have expected, too, a note on the Strand-Holborn Avenue in connection with Little Queen Street, its starting-point from Holborn. Similarly the note on Kingsgate Street should refer to its recent disappearance. Much worse is the assumption that Furnival's Inn still exists. From the list of theatres the Apollo and Imperial are missing. Despite such little lapses the hand-book is excellent.

*Cassell's Guide to London.* (Cassell. 6d.)

THIS Guide Book is a sixpenny encyclopedia of London sights, excellent within its scope. We have failed to detect any inaccuracies, and there has been a real attempt to bring each page up to date. For example, the removal of Holywell Street is noted, whereas in Messrs. Darlington's Guide we are treated to a description of the street as it is not, its removal being noted as merely in the air. The illustrations, if we except a poor one of Newgate Prison, are satisfactory.

*Philips' ABC Pocket Atlas Guide to London.* (Philip and Son. 1s.)

THE main feature of this little book is an atlas consisting of twenty-four coloured maps, eighteen of which are sectional maps of the whole of London on the scale of two inches to the mile. By referring to the index at the end any required place can readily be found on these sections, a reference being given after each name to the number of the section, and the half-mile square in which the particular place is located.

In addition to the sectional maps there are six supplementary maps, which show the divisions of London into Metropolitan boroughs; the various railway systems belonging to or radiating from London, &c.

An heroic attempt has been made to construct a railway map of London in which each company's line should be distinguishable, but we cannot think the result a success; the scale makes it impossible. A novelty is a map of the Theatre-Area of London showing the position of each of the great theatres and music halls. The general street maps are wonderfully good at the price, though necessarily they do not compare with the same firm's more expensive *Pocket Atlas of London*—a work from which we have derived the greatest service. The present shilling booklet is, however, a very pretty miscellany of notes, maps, and pictures.

Messrs. Marlborough's "Self-Taught Library" is worthy of the attention of cyclists and tourists going abroad. In three parallel columns are given the English word, its French equivalent, and the pronunciation. Thus, in the French booklet:—

Put my luggage in the cab	Mettez mes bagages dans la voiture	Maytai mey bah- gahje daung lah vwahteur
Drive me to—	Conduisez-moi à—	Kongdweezay- mwah ah—

These little books are well conceived, and they already include French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Norwegian, and other languages. They are published at 1s. and 2s. in paper and at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. in cloth.

Bradshaw's *Bathing Places and Climatic Health Resorts* is a very useful manual of its kind. In it will be found an account of the chief bathing places and health resorts of the world, with special notices of the most popular and important of them. Where possible, an indication of the main constituents of the mineral waters chiefly prescribed has been added.

### Coronation Guides and Handbooks.

*Crowns and Coronations: A History of Regalia.* By William Jones, F.S.A. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.)

THIS book, which now appears in a new and cheaper edition, is undoubtedly the best popular budget of Coronation lore. Its detail is endless, and whole chapters can be temporarily skipped with a light heart. Indeed, if the first twenty-seven and the last two hundred pages are ignored, there will still remain three hundred pages in which the general reader will find what he wants. The Crowns of England, the Regalia of England and Scotland, the Coronation Chair and Kingston Stone, the Court of Claims, the old Coronation Processions from the Tower, the Coronation Oath, and the Anointing are the subjects of separate chapters into which the author has crowded everything curious relating to his subject.

Amid all the associations of coronations none are more picturesque than those of the Championship. Into the familiar facts of this fine feudal custom, which for six centuries has shed lustre on the Dymokes, Mr. Jones enters deeply. Conceive the splendour of association which surrounds this office. Froissart in his account of the coronation of Henry IV. has a passage beginning: "In the midst of the dinner there came in a knight who was called Dymoke. . . ." Still earlier, and with a spelling which suggests a dimmer antiquity, we read: "Sir John Dimmook being armed according to usual custom. . . ." This was at the coronation of Richard II. in 1377, on which occasion the said Dimmook proclaimed that if any man of high degree or low would say that his sovereign leige Lord Richard ought not of right to be crowned King of England, he (Sir John) was prepared "till the laste houre of his brethe, with his bodie, to bete him like a false man and a traitor." At the coronation of George IV. Haydon thought the ceremony of the Championship the finest thing in that finest of all coronations. The parsimony of the Whigs caused it to be omitted from the coronation of William IV., and it was not revived at the crowning of Queen Victoria.

The Coronation processions from the Tower to Westminster were interrupted by the Plague when James I. came to the throne, but the custom was revived by Charles II. Splendid crushes they must have been, these advances through the people to the crown, and the imagination loves to dwell on the slow and gorgeous pageant of the 13th of January, 1558, when "our moste dradde Soveraigne Ladye Elizabeth" passed from East to West amid "welcomminges, cryes, and tender wordes," which she answered by "holding up her handes and merie countenance" to those who stood far off, and with

"most tender and gentle language" to those by her side—so that "there was nothing but gladness, nothing but prayer, nothing but comfort."

Yet enthusiasm as great attended the far plainer coronation of George III. and his bride—a ceremony into which the nation threw all its heart. It inspired Horace Walpole's famous catechism: "What is the finest sight in the world? A Coronation. What do people most talk about? A Coronation. What is the thing most delightful to have passed? A Coronation." George the Third distinguished himself by the grace with which he acted his part in the Abbey. Bishop Newton wrote in his enthusiasm: "No actor in the character of Pyrrhus, in the 'Distressed Mother,' not even Booth himself, who was celebrated for it in the *Spectator*, ever ascended the throne with so much grace and dignity."

Very interesting is the chapter on omens and incidents at coronations. The astrologers and soothsayers used to be important personages on these occasions. Queen Elizabeth's coronation day was fixed by the astrologer, Dr. Dee. The coronation of Edward IV., which was to have taken place in March, 1461, was postponed until the 28th of June on account of the siege of Carlisle, and then deferred to the 29th because of the superstitious belief that the 28th of any month, being a repetition of Childermas day, is a day of evil omen. The crownings of Henry I. and James II. were each marred by the unsteadiness of the crown on the royal head. In the case of James II. there were other portents, described by Dr. Hickes in a letter still preserved in the Bodleian Library. He mentions the omens "which I saw, viz., the tottering of the crown upon his head; the broken canopy over it; and the rent flag hanging upon the white Tower when I came home from the coronation. It was torn by the wind at the same time that the signal was given to the Tower that he was crowned." Aubrey adds to the mystery of the torn canopy by declaring that the day was not windy. An unlucky text was associated with the after doom of Charles I. The preacher, the Bishop of Carlisle, took for his subject, "I will give thee a crown of life," which it was thought was likely to put the King in mind of his death rather than his duties in government. Even the coronation of Queen Victoria brought its omen for the superstitious. A large bird, said to be a goose, hovered frequently over St. James's Park and the Palace to the dismay of old ladies. We might cull more curiosities of coronations, but space forbids.

These fascinating annals leave an impression of the difficulty, complexity, and nervous strain attendant on the crowning of a monarch, and of the wisdom of Walpole's question: "What is the thing most delightful to have passed? A Coronation."

*Coronation of a King.* By M. F. Johnston. (Chapman and Hall. 5s.)

LESS comprehensive than Mr. Jones's work, this book is superior to it in its illustrations, which are numerous and excellent. The chapter on Some Memorable Coronations is rather too helter-skelter for our taste; one does not expect to find the coronation of Mary Queen of Scots sandwiched between that of Napoleon I. and an account of the installation of the Pope. But there is pleasant gossip in abundance. The amusing story is told of the Earl of Effingham's maladroit excuse to George III. for some unfortunate slips in the arrangements for the banquet in Westminster Hall. No canopy for the King and Queen had been provided. "It is true, sir," said the Earl, who was deputy Earl Marshal, "that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible." The King was much tickled, and made the Earl repeat his remark several times, to his great chagrin. George IV. left as little as possible to Earl Marshals; he was himself resolved on splendour and exactness. The first quality he

certainly achieved; but things did not go too well in the Abbey. There the King was almost overcome by the heat, and during an interval in the service he was glad to go to the Confessor's Chapel and strip off all his robes. Smellingsalts alone kept him up, and while the peers did homage he wiped his streaming face on a succession of handkerchiefs. At the banquet the heat was even more oppressive, and the candles dropped waxen showers on the guests without respect of persons. When the King retired there was a most unseemly scramble for food and souvenirs. The cost of it all was little short of a quarter of a million.

*Crowning the King.* By Arthur H. Beavan. (Pearson. 2s. 6d.)

This is a well packed, well arranged book of Coronation and Abbey lore, and it differs from the two we have already noticed in addressing itself more particularly to the imminent coronation of Edward VII. Mr. Beavan provides two interesting chapters on famous prelates who have officiated at coronations, and he endeavours in a chapter on the Abbey itself to paint in the background of the great ceremony. Altogether his book is excellent. Among his "Side-Lights on the Throne" he recalls the reluctance of William IV. to be crowned at all:—

William IV. was lodging in St. James's Palace when the intelligence was conveyed to him that his brother, George IV., was dead, and that he, the Sailor Prince, was King of England. He received the respectful acknowledgment of his high position from those about him with manifest indifference, but his wife actually burst into tears when she was greeted as Queen, and bestowed upon the bearer of the tidings a prayer-book that she happened to have in her hand, as the most appropriate gift for the occasion. In fact, neither William IV. nor Queen Adelaide coveted the rank of sovereigns; and, later, when the question of the coronation was discussed, the King declared in private that he did not see any necessity for it, which opinion was officially confirmed in the House of Lords by one of the Peers raising the question as to whether the coronation ceremony might not be dispensed with altogether, partly from motives of economy, and partly to meet the King's wishes on the matter.

The only British sovereign who never underwent the fatigue of a coronation was the boy king Edward V., who reigned only a few months.

*The Coronation Book of Edward VII., King of all the Britains and Emperor of India*, is the appropriate if sounding title of what promises to be a first-rate souvenir of the coming pomps at Westminster. Issued by Messrs. Cassell, with all their publishing might, and edited by Mr. W. J. Loftie, this serial publication is at once gorgeous and interesting. It is clear that the publishers look for a large circulation to cover a lavish outlay, and in this expectation they are not likely to be disappointed. Of the first part we will only say that it begets this confidence by its thoroughness, and by its really splendid coloured illustrations in which gorgeousness and refinement are perfectly blent.

The Coronation has produced a crop of semi-humorous picture-books in which colour and rhyme unite to please the youngest of the King's subjects. A favourable example is *The Crowning of the King* (John Long, 1s. 6d.) in which, beside the ceremony and processions, the artist (Mr. J. Twist) depicts trumpeters, policemen, grenadiers, and the eaters of the King's free dinners.

*The Coronation Service According to the Use of the Church of England.* By the Rev. Joseph H. Pemberton. Second Edition. (Skeffington. 2s. 6d.)

To this edition the author has added a new historical appendix and some additional illustrations. The book is an admirable setting forth of the more solemn and significant aspects of a coronation, and the Form and Order of the Coronation of Queen Victoria is carefully annotated.

## New Books Received.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Selby (Thomas G.), *The God of the Faith*.....(Holder and Stoughton) 6/0  
 Waggett (P. N.), *Is there a Religion in Nature?*.....(S.P.C.K.) 1/3  
 Dalman (Gustaf), *The Words of Jesus*.....(T. and T. Clark) net 7/6  
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 Magnus (Laurie), *Introduction to Poetry*.....(Murray) 1/6  
 Sabin (Arthur K.), *Typhoon and other Poems*.....(Stock) 2/6  
 Rickards (Marcus S. C.), *Musings and Melodies*.....(Baker) net 3/6  
 Liddell (Mark H.), *An Introduction to the Scientific Study of English Poetry* (Doubleday) net 1/0

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Barlow (George), *A Coronation Poem*.....(Glasner) net 1/0  
 Bullock (Charles), *Crowned to Serve*.....("Home Words" Office) 1/6  
 Amery (L. S.), edited by, *The "Times" History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902. Vol. II.*.....(Low) 1/0  
 Wilson (Beckles), *Lost England*.....(Newnes) 6/0  
 Kinnear (Alfred), *Across Many Seas*.....(Arrowsmith) 17/0  
 Cobb (Stanford H.), *The Rise of Religious Liberty in America*.....(Macmillan) net 2/6  
 Willington (J. R.), *Dark Pages of English History* (Art and Book Company) net 1/0  
 Anstruther (G. Elliot), *William Hogarth*.....(Bell) net 1/0  
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## Maps.

AMONG things not generally known but (thus differing from the height of the Great Pyramid) worth knowing, is this: that Stanfords or Philips or any of the map agents are prepared to make you a special one-inch ordnance-survey map with your own abode in the centre of it, of whatever size you like—ten miles radius, twenty, fifty—at a cost not heavy. Thus you can see at a glance where you are in relation to other places, and what the distances are from you to them. Every one who really loves the country he lives in ought to have such a map—and know it.

It is, of course, very easy not to know one's own map. One knows it in parts, but rarely in full. This is, of course, because one direction is more interesting than another. In our own case, for example, we usually walk west with a southward trend; then cross due north and return east with a touch of south in it, or we reverse this procedure. If we walked due south we should descend five hundred feet, and be in the clay flat; if east, among villas; if north, we should leave the heather and pines and come upon chalk. Yet there is good country waiting to be known, right at our gates, all round the compass. A map in which our house was the centre, the very core, might stimulate us to know it.

That word is a reminder that walking in strange parts you need a compass as well as a map, otherwise you are in danger of losing yourself by holding the map askew. A few weeks ago among the Sussex hills we were lost in this way. Placing the map carefully (as we thought) north and south, the village at our feet became Stoughton, with the pleasant little word "Inn" in friendly italics reposing on its borders. But we had oriented badly; and instead of being Stoughton the village was East Marden, with never an inn for miles. It had, however, a humorist by way of compensation—a Sussex humorist; for when asked, "Do you think your wife would get us something to eat?" he replied, slowly and seriously, "I don't think so, because, you see, I'm a single man." He was a carpenter, mending a gate, with quite a married look. How we found food is another story, but the incident shows that a compass is a desirable thing. No wonder St. Paul (as the schoolboy said) fetched one from Rhegium.

How is it, in an age of comfort, that refreshment maps are not published? They might be on thin paper, to be pasted on the back of ordnance maps; so that one could have those for roads and business and the others for recuperation and rest. The Licensed Victuallers' Association should look to it. Colours could denote the respective qualities of the inns: red, say, for the best, blue for the second best, yellow for ordinary. Outlying beer-houses (those useful havens) should be marked too, with a special mark for those that kept cold joints.

The plan might be extended for motor cars by indicating repairers' shops. To a large extent smithys and inns are already marked on the one-inch ordnance map, but

such charts should be complete and should be revised continually. The central body that governs motoring—its Jockey Club or C.T.C., if it has one—might indeed as well prepare the map as any other Association; but it would be more likely, one fancies, in view of recent opposition, to put its energies just now into issuing a chart of those areas wherein the police stalk like a pestilence with stop-watches in their authoritative hands. Perhaps a better way would be the erection of notice boards: "This district is dangerous to motorists."

The map, however, that interests motorists and bicyclists is a poor thing compared with the map of the walker. It is only the walker that really wrests a map's secrets. Highways and byways, to which wheeled things must remain faithful, are commonplace beside short cuts and footpaths, the plank bridges that cross streams, green drives through the spinneys and sheep tracks over the downs.

The test of a map comes when one's way lies off the road, not on it. For a road-farer most maps are good enough; but the traveller by grass and copse and heather brings a narrower eye to the cartographer's efforts. For him nothing less than the one-inch ordnance survey is any satisfaction, and he will probably have those of a large scale too. To walk with a one-inch map, and in the evening to follow one's course on a six-inch, is the way; only then is the richness of English rural nomenclature fully revealed. It is only those who possess the six-inch survey maps that really know by what names they are surrounded. A man may hurry to the station through a green glade every day of his life, referring to it dully as the station wood; not until he chances to look at one of these large maps discovering that it bears, and deserves, the name of Bardogs Spinney. Another may graze his horse for years in a field which in the poverty of his mind he calls the lower meadow, and behold all the time it was Gobland Pasture. If only to stimulate imagination one should keep a good map and know it.

The one-inch survey is very full of names, and for ordinary purposes as good a guide as one can want. When using one it is a useful thing to know that a half-penny measures an inch across and is therefore equivalent to a mile.

## King-Making.

No one who has read with care the "Form and Order of the Service that is to be performed and of the Ceremonies that are to be observed on the Coronation of their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, on Thursday the 26th day of June, 1902," can fail to be struck by the great beauty of that Service, alike in its arrangement and in the words in which the great act is unrolled.

It is certain that the Church of England has for centuries possessed the secret of grand utterance. She has accumulated a diction, drawn from the Scriptures, from the Fathers, from the Schools, and from the writings of her Prelates which has become, in a manner, impeccable and infallible. To trace the growth of one of her great formularies would be a task too long and curious for anyone but a student. The Coronation Service which will be heard in Westminster Abbey this month can be traced back for many centuries, and certainly to the crowning of Richard Cœur de Leon. The date of the *Liber Regalis*, a thin folio of thirty-eight vellum leaves preserved in the Abbey, is not later than the reign of Richard II., and this folio is the documentary basis of the Service.

That Service has been revised from time to time by orders made by the Kings of England in Council, directing the Archbishop of Canterbury to prepare a Form and Order. Without inquiring further into origins and

changes—since that is not our present purpose—we may remark that the Form and Order for the crowning of Edward VII. closely resembles the Form and Order drawn up for the coronation of Charles I.

For example, the opening words, sung by the choir on the entry of the King and Queen when they enter by the West Door will be, as they were then, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord . . ." There is surely a sweetness, a calmness, in this beginning that is most happily inspired.

Follows the Recognition, in which the Archbishop, accompanied by several great officers of State, speaks these words to the South, the West, and the North—

Sirs, I here present unto you King EDWARD, the Undoubted King of this Realm: Wherefore All of you who are come this day to do your Homage, Are you willing to do the same?

We need not follow the responses. A little later a Bishop reads—the King and Queen with the people standing—part of the 22nd chapter of St. Matthew. . . . "And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Caesar's. . . ."

The Sermon is directed to be short and suitable to the great occasion. While it is being delivered the King "puts on his Cap of crimson velvet turned up with ermins, and so continues to the end of it," attended by the Bishop of Durham, the Lords that carry the Swords, and others.

After the Unction the choir sings "Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon King . . ." Think of this evocation of the past, this splendid reference, brought into a Coronation of 1902 in language of sublime singleness and simplicity. Time seems to unroll to that great music.

The words of the investitures are noble. (We omit the long and interesting rubrics.)

RECEIVE this Kingly Sword, brought now from the Altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us the Bishops and servants of God, though unworthy.

RECEIVE this Ring, the ensign of Kingly Dignity, and of Defence of the Catholic Faith; and as you are this day solemnly invested in the government of this earthly kingdom, so may you be sealed with that Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of an heavenly inheritance, and reign with him who is the blessed and only Potentate, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

RECEIVE the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of Kingly Power and Justice.

RECEIVE the Rod of Equity and Mercy: and God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, direct and assist you in the administration and exercise of all those powers which he hath given you. Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute Justice that you forget not Mercy. Punish the wicked, protect and cherish the just, and lead your people in the way wherein they should go.

At this moment, immediately precedent to the crowning, "the Lord of the Manor of Worksop supports His Majesty's Right Arm." Why, let the learned declare.

And now the Archbishop laying the Crown on the Altar prays for a blessing on its future wearer . . .

and as Thou dost this day set a Crown of pure Gold upon his Head, so enrich his Royal Heart with thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues, through the King Eternal Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then, the Archbishop reverently puts the Crown of England on the King's Head: "At the sight wherof the People with loud and repeated shouts, cry, God save the King; the Peers and the Kings of Arms put on their Coronets; and the Trumpets sound, and by a Signal given, the great Guns at the Tower are shot off." This done, the Archbishop exhorts the King to be strong and of good courage, and the choir bursts forth with "Be strong and play the man . . ." Again, could anything be finer?

What a savour of the old time is in the words of Homage: "I, N., Duke or Earl, &c., of N. do become your Liege man of Life and Limb, and of earthly worship, and Faith and Truth I will bear unto you, to live and die, against all manner of Folks. So help me God." "While the Princes and Peers are thus doing their Homage, the King, if he thinks good, delivers his Sceptre with the Cross and the Sceptre or Rod with the Dove, to some one near to the Blood Royal, or to the Lords that carried them in the Procession, or to any other that he pleaseth to assign, to hold them by him. And the Bishops that support the King in the Procession may also ease him, by supporting the Crown, as there shall be occasion."

Then the anthem, "Kings shall see and arise, princes also shall worship because of the Lord that is faithful, even the Holy One of Israel who hath chosen thee: That thou mayest say to the prisoners, Go forth: to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves. . . . And I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted. Behold, these shall come from far; and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim."

Whereupon "the Drums beat, the Trumpets sound, and all the people shout, crying out"—

God save King EDWARD.  
Long Live King EDWARD.  
May the King live for ever.

Note the barbaric and pagan exuberance of the last cry. "May the King live for ever." But so say we all; and what else should men cry when these august and immortal forms have left each man free to cry his thought!

## The Truth about an Author.

### Chapters in Autobiography.

#### VII.

"By heaven!" I said, "I will write a novel!"

And I sat down to my oaken bureau with the air of a man who has resolved to commit a stupendous crime. Perhaps indeed it was a crime, this my first serious challenge to a neglectful and careless world. At any rate it was meant to be the beginning of the end, the end being twofold—fame and a thousand a year. You must bear well in mind that I was by no means the ordinary person, and my novel was by no means to be the ordinary novel. In these cases the very essence of the situation is always that one is not ordinary. I had just discovered that I could write—and when I use the term "write" here, I use it in a special sense, to be understood only by those elect who can themselves "write," and impossible of comprehension by all others. I had had a *conte*—exquisitely Gallic as to spirit and form—in *The Yellow Book*, and that *conte* had been lauded in the *South Audley Street Gazette* or some such organ of destructive criticism. My friends believed in Art, themselves, and me. I believed in myself, Art, and them. Could any factor be lacking to render the scene sublime and historic?

So I sat down to write my first novel, under the sweet influences of the de Goncourts, Turgenev, Flaubert, and de Maupassant. It was to be entirely unlike all English novels except those of one author, whose name I shall not mention now, for the reason that I have aforetime made my admiration of that author very public. I clearly remember that the purpose uppermost in my mind was to imitate what I may call the physical characteristics of French novels. There were to be no poetical quotations in my novel, no titles to the chapters; the narrative was to be divided irregularly into sections by Roman numerals only; and it was indispensable that a certain proportion of these sections should begin or end

abruptly. As thus, for a beginning:—"Gerald suddenly changed the conversation, and taking the final match from his match-box at last agreed to light a cigar." And for an ending:—"Her tremulous eyes sought his; breathing a sigh she murmured . . . . . O succession of dots, charged with significance vague but tremendous, there were to be hundreds of you in my novel, because you play so important a part in the literature of the country of Victor Hugo and M. Loubet! So much for the physical characteristics. To come nearer to the soul of it, my novel was to be a mosaic consisting exclusively of Flaubert's *mots justes*—it was to be *mots justes* composed into the famous *écriture artistique* of the de Goncourts. The sentences were to perform the trick of "the rise and fall." The adjectives were to have colour, the verbs were to have colour, and perhaps it was a *sine qua non* that even the pronouns should be prismatic—I forget. And all these effects were to be obtained without the most trifling sacrifice of truth. There was to be no bowing in the house of the Rimmon of sentimentality. Life being grey, sinister, and melancholy, my novel must be grey, sinister, and melancholy. As a matter of strict fact, life deserved none of these epithets; I was having a very good time; but at twenty-seven one is captious, and liable to err in judgment—a liability which fortunately disappears at thirty-five or so. No startling events were to occur in my novel, nor anything out of the way that might bring the blush of shame to the modesty of nature; no ingenious combinations, no dramatic surprises, and above all no coincidences. It was to be the Usual miraculously transformed by Art into the Sublime.

The sole liberty that I might permit myself in handling the Usual was to give it a rhythmic contour—a precious distinction in those Yellerbocky days.

All these cardinal points being settled, I passed to the business of choosing a subject. Need I say that I chose myself? But, in obedience to my philosophy, I made myself a failure. I regarded my hero with an air of "There, but for the grace of God, goes me!" I decided that he should go through most of my own experiences, but that instead of fame and a thousand a year he should arrive ultimately at disillusion and a desolating suburban domesticity. I said I would call my novel *In the Shadow*, a title suggested to me by the motto of Balzac's *Country Doctor*—"For a wounded heart, shadow and silence." It was to be all very dolorous, this Odyssey of a London clerk who—But I must not disclose any detail of the plot.

So I sat down, and wrote on a fair quarto sheet, "In the Shadow," and under that, "I." It was a religious rite, an august and imposing ceremonial; and I was the officiating priest. In the few fleeting instants between the tracing of the "I" and the tracing of the first word of the narrative, I felt happy and proud; but immediately the fundamental brain-work began, I lost nearly all my confidence. With every stroke the illusion grew thinner, more remote. I perceived that I could not become Flaubert by taking thought, and this rather obvious truth rushed over me as a surprise. I knew what I wanted to do, and I could not do it. I felt, but I could not express. My sentences would persist in being damnably *Mudiesque*. The *mots justes* hid themselves exasperatingly behind a cloud. The successions of dots looked merely fatuous. The charm, the poetry, the distinction, the inevitableness, the originality, the force, and the invaluable rhythmic contour—these were anywhere save on my page. All writers are familiar with the dreadful despair that ensues when a composition, on perusal, obstinately presents itself as a series of little systems of words joined by conjunctions and prepositions, something like this—subject, predicate, object, *but*, subject, predicate, object. Pronoun, *however*, predicate, negative, infinitive verb. *Nevertheless*, participle, accusative, subject, predicate, &c., &c., &c., for evermore. I

suffered that despair. The proper remedy is to go to the nearest bar and have a drink, or to read a bit of *Comus* or *Urn-Burial*, but at that time I had no skill in weathering anti-cyclones, and I drove forward like a sinking steamer in a heavy sea.

And this was what it was, in serious earnest, to be an author! For I reckon that in writing the first chapter of my naturalistic novel, I formally became an author; I had undergone a certain apprenticeship. I didn't feel like an author, no more than I had felt like a journalist on a similar occasion. Indeed, far less: I felt like a fool, an incompetent ass. I seemed to have an idea that there was no such thing as literature, that literature was a mirage, or an effect of hypnotism, or a concerted fraud. After all, I thought, what in the name of commonsense is the use of telling this silly ordinary story of everyday life? Where is the point? What is art, anyway, and all this chatter about truth to life, and all this rigmarole of canons?

I finished the chapter that night, hurriedly, perfunctorily, and only because I had sworn to finish it. Then, in obedience to an instinct which all Grub Street has felt, I picked out the correct *Yellow Book* from a shelf and read my beautiful story again. That enheartened me a little, restored my faith in the existence of art, and suggested the comfortable belief that things were not perhaps as bad as they seemed.

"Well, how's the novel getting on?" my friend the wall-paper enthusiast inquired jovially at supper.

"Oh, fine!" I said. "It's going to be immense."

Why one should utter these frightful and senseless lies, I cannot guess. I might just as well have spoken the precise truth to him, for his was a soul designed by providence for the encouragement of others. Still, having made that remark, I added in my private ear that either the novel must be immense or I must perish in the attempt to make it so.

In six months I had written only about thirty thousand words, and I felt the sort of elation that probably succeeds six months on a treadmill. But one evening, in the midst of a chapter, a sudden and mysterious satisfaction began to warm my inmost being. I knew that that chapter was good and going to be good. I experienced happiness in the very act of work. Emotion and technique were reconciled. It was as if I had surprisingly come upon the chart with the blood-red cross showing where the Spanish treasure was buried. I dropped my pen, and went out for a walk, and decided to give the book an entirely fresh start. I carefully read through all that I had written. It was bad, but viewed in the mass it produced on me a sort of culminating effect which I had not anticipated. Conceive the poor Usual at the bottom of a flight of stairs, and the region of the Sublime at the top: it seemed to me that I had dragged the haggard thing half-way up, and that it lay there, inert but safe, awaiting my second effort. The next night I braced myself to this second effort, and I thought that I succeeded.

"We're doing the trick, Charlie," Edmund Kean whispered into the ear of his son during a poignant scene of "Brutus". And in the very crises of my emotional chapters, while my hero was rushing fatally to the nether greyness of the suburbs and all the world was at its most sinister and most melancholy, I said to myself with glee: "We're doing the trick." My moods have always been a series of violent contrasts, and I was now just as uplifted as I had before been depressed. There were interludes of doubt and difficulty, but on the whole I was charmed with my novel. It would be a despicable affectation to disguise the fact that I deemed it a truly distinguished piece of literature, idiosyncratic, finely imaginative, and of rhythmic contour. As I approached the end, my self-esteem developed in a *crescendo*. I finished the tale, having sentenced my hero to a marriage infallibly disastrous, at three o'clock one morning. I had laboured for twelve

hours without intermission. It was great, this spell; it was histrionic. It was Dumas over again, and the roaring French forties.

Nevertheless, to myself I did not yet dare to call myself an artist. I lacked the courage to believe that I had the sacred fire, the inborn and not-to-be-acquired vision. It seemed impossible that this should be so. I have ridiculed the whole artist tribe, and, in the pursuit of my vocation, I shall doubtless ridicule them again; but never seriously. Nothing is more deeply rooted in me than my reverence for the artistic faculty. And whenever I say, "The man's an artist," I say it with an instinctive solemnity that so far as I am concerned ends all discussion. Dared I utter this great saying to my shaving-mirror? No, I repeat that I dared not. More than a year elapsed before the little incident described at the commencement of these memoirs provided me with the audacity to inform the author of *In the Shadow* that he too belonged to the weird tribe of Benjamin.

When my novel had been typewritten and I read it in cold blood, I was absolutely unable to decide whether it was very good, good, medium, bad, or very bad. I could not criticise it. All I knew was that certain sentences, in the vein of the *écriture artistique*, persisted beautifully in my mind, like fine lines from a favourite poet. I loosed the brave poor thing into the world over a post-office counter. "What chance has it, in the fray?" I exclaimed. My novel had become nothing but a parcel. Thus it went in search of its fate.

I have described the composition of my first book in detail as realistic as I can make it, partly because a few years ago the leading novelists of the day seemed to enter into a conspiracy to sentimentalise the first-book episode in their brilliant careers.

(To be continued.)

## Drama.

### Réjane and Jane Hading.

THE genius of Réjane is a kind of finesse; it is a flavour, and all the ingredients of the dish may be named without defining it. The thing is Parisian, but that is only to say that it unites nervous force with a wicked ease and mastery of charm. It speaks to the senses through the brain, as much as to the brain through the senses. It is the feminine equivalent of intellect. It "magnetises our poor vertebrae," in Baudelaire's phrase, because it is sex and yet not instinct. It is sex civilised, under direction, playing a part, as we say of others than those on the stage. It calculates, and is unerring. It has none of the vulgar warmth of mere passion, none of its health or simplicity. It leaves a little red sting where it has kissed. And it intoxicates us by its appeal to so many sides of our nature at once. We are thrilled, and we admire, and are almost coldly appreciative, and yet aglow with the response of the blood. I have found myself applauding with tears in my eyes. The feeling and the critical approval came together, hand in hand: neither counter-acted the other.

Réjane can be vulgar, as nature is vulgar: she has all the instincts of the human animal, of the animal woman, whom man will never quite civilise. There is no doubt of it, nature lacks taste, and woman, who is so near to nature, lacks taste in the emotions. Réjane, in "Sapho" or in "Zaza" for instance, is woman naked and shameless, loving and suffering with all her nerves and muscles, a gross, pitiable, horribly human thing, whose direct appeal, like that of a sick animal, seizes you by the throat at the instant in which it reaches your eyes and ears. More than any actress she is the human animal without disguise or evasion; with all the instincts, all the natural cries and movements. In "Sapho" or "Zaza" she speaks the

language of the senses, no more; and her acting reminds you of all that you may possibly have forgotten of how the senses speak when they speak through an ignorant woman in love. It is like an accusing confirmation of some of one's guesses at truth, before the realities of the flesh and of the affections of the flesh. Scepticism is no longer possible: the thing is before you, abominably real, a disquieting and irrefutable thing, which speaks with its own voice, as it has never spoken on the stage through any other actress.

In "Zaza," a play made for Réjane by two playwrights who had set themselves humbly to a task, the task of fitting her with a part, she is seen doing "Sapho" over again, with a difference. Zaza is a vulgar woman, a woman without instruction or experience; she has not known poets and been the model of a great sculptor; she comes straight from the boards of a café-concert to the kept woman's house in the country. She has caught her lover vulgarly, to win a bet; and, to the end, you realise that she is, well, a woman who would do that. She has no depth of passion, none of Sapho's roots in the earth; she has a *déguin* for Dufresne, she will drop everything else for it, such as it is, and she is capable of good, hearty suffering. Réjane gives her to us as she is, in all her commonness. The picture is full of humour; it is, as I so often feel with Réjane, a Forain. Like Forain, she uses her material without ever being absorbed by it, without relaxing her impersonal artistic energy. In being Zaza, she is so far from being herself (what is the self of a great actress?) that she has invented a new way of walking, as well as new tones and grimaces. There is not an effect in the play which she has not calculated; only, she has calculated every effect so exactly that the calculation is not seen. When you watch Mme. Jane Hading, you see her effects coming, several seconds before they are there; when they come, they come neatly, but with no surprise in them, and therefore with no conviction. There lies all the difference between the actress who is an actress equally by her temperament and by her brain and the actress who has only the brain (and, with Mme. Hading, beauty) to rely on. Everything that Réjane can think of she can do; thought translates itself instantly into feeling, and the embodied impulse is before you. Mme. Hading knows so well how everything should be done; she knows just how Sarah Bernhardt, if not nature, would do it; and she gives you a series of the most admirable lifeless studies, in which only her eyes live with a vehement personal life of their own.

In watching Mme. Hading I am sometimes reminded of Mrs. Kendal. Mrs. Kendal is a better actress, because she is able to persuade a greater number of people that her deliberation is instinctive, but there is in both the same essential artificiality. Both try to do by a careful method what can only be done, as Réjane does it, by a method plus something else. That something else is genius, perhaps; but if the word genius sounds a little vague, let me say that it is vitality, temperament, sincerity. When Mme. Hading is perfectly quiet, when she is thinking, making up her mind, she is often admirable; but see her when she has to show acute emotion. There is, first, the contraction of the cat about to spring, and there is a very splutter of simulated energy, with the elegant collapse at the end. Now she turns on her voice, now she turns it off; she seems to be doing just what an excited woman would do, and yet you are never sorry, never even interested. You say: "Yes, that was really very well done," but you say it coldly; the actress has only acted. When Réjane is Zaza, she acts, and is the woman she acts; and you have to think, before you remember how elaborate a science goes to the making of that thrill which you are almost cruelly enjoying.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

## Art.

## Two Pictures and a Painter.

No authority ever includes "The Death of Procris" among the hundred best pictures; but there are some who think of it with unwonted affection, who never visit the National Gallery without pausing before this bright, sad fancy of Piero di Cosimo's. It is so fresh, and the story it tells is so human. The tragedy happened in the Golden Age, but the theme is for all time. It is re-told in "Othello." This legend of love, jealousy, death and remorse is easily remembered. Cephalus loved Procris, and Procris loved Cephalus. One day some busybody told Procris that Cephalus loved another. Whereupon Procris, "furiously jealous," hid herself in a thicket and waited. There, learning that it was only the wind that Cephalus had invoked, the repentant lady was about to rush out and atone for her suspicion, when Cephalus, roused by the rustling, and "thinking it was some wild beast," shot an arrow into the thicket—and killed Procris. She told her tale. Then she died, and Jupiter, in pity, turned her into a star.

In this picture the Florentine painter has succeeded where so many fail. He has told a story of perennial human interest, and combined with it a beautiful landscape, and landscape and subject each bear their part in the picture; neither outruns nor drags behind the other. Piero always charms with his landscapes: not always with his figures. Here the figures are very welcome. He painted "The Death of Procris" in a happy hour, at the ripest period of his powers, and the centuries have not dulled the soft, rich colours, nor made it old-fashioned. It is his testament of temperament and vision, and if a painter can be immortalised by one work, Piero di Cosimo may be well content to be immortalised by this.

In the foreground, on a green sward curiously formal, bordered like a trim garden with a fringe of tiny shrubs, and with small flowers springing up from it, lies Procris—just dead. The warmth is still in the young body; the sandalled feet are crossed, and the palm of the right hand lies open upon the grass. The lips are still parted, but the eyes are closed, and on the breast and wrist there is a trickle of blood, bright as the red garment on which she lies, and that half covers her. By her head kneels Cephalus—man down to the waist, below shaped like his kinsman Pan. His left hand rests on her shoulder, his right just touches her loosened hair. His head, with the wild ears pointing up into the shock of hair, is bent. He is looking at Procris with the gaze of a dumb animal that feels, and of a man groping to understand grief. There are tears in the round eyes, but they cannot flow. The human face, the brown woodland body, the little hoofs digging into the ground, are eloquent of grief arrested at its tensest moment—grief half human, half animal, that can never spend itself, that can never wholly know. A wise brown dog sits on its haunches by Procris's feet, gazing at death and grief. A grade lower in the scale of creation than Cephalus, it knows only that something untoward has happened. Dumb, with head thrust forward in sympathy, it watches and waits. But Piero, the inventive Piero, has more to say. On the yellow strand in the middle distance are three other dogs gambolling—queer dogs these, and close by are three storks, and more storks are flying through the air. There are boats, too, on the wide double-armed river beyond, lots of boats. All this part of the picture is wrapped in a soft, luminous blue. The low-lying hills beyond the river are blue, too, and the buildings of the little town by the water-side are blue. And you look, and look, wondering which part of the picture you like best, passing from one passage to the other always with a fresh pleasure, and very content. And if you

think of it Piero has put most things into this picture. In the foreground, the eternal themes—love, friendship, and death; beyond, the unchanging and consoling element—Nature.

It so happens that the painter of this picture is better known to us as a man than many who hold more important places in the world's regard. Piero di Cosimo lives in the pages of *Romola*—a quaint, original, detached figure. He it was who, with the instinct of all great portrait painters, saw beyond the present Tito, saw what he would become. You remember his sketch of Tito, with Fear rushing into his Joy, and how it startled *Romola*. You remember Piero's reply to Tito's gay taunt that he was a Cynic philosopher in the pleasant guise of a cunning painter: "Not I, Messer Greco; a philosopher is the last sort of animal I should choose to resemble. I find it enough to live, without spinning lies to account for life."

But to learn what manner of man Piero was, we must go to Vasari. In his solitariness, his indifference to the world's opinion, his contempt for what most men value, his absorption in his own ideas, he recalls a greater—Turner. Piero di Cosimo shut himself up, and would not allow anyone to see him at work. The fruit trees in his garden were never pruned or trained. The crying of babies irritated him, and so did the coughing of men. Flies annoyed him and he hated the dark. He abused physicians and apothecaries, and when at eighty years of age he wanted to work, and could not "on account of the paralysis," he became very angry, tried to scratch his helpless hands, "while he doddered about and the brush and maul-stick fell from his grasp." Often he talked too much, repeating his remarks so many times that at last they became wearisome; but sometimes his conversation was so various and diversified "that some of his sayings made his hearers burst with laughter." Towards the end of his life the old fellow "praised capital punishment, saying it was a fine thing to go to death in the open air amid a throng of people." He was indifferent to material comforts. His usual food consisted of hard-boiled eggs, which he cooked while he was boiling his glue, to save the firing. He had a very inventive mind, and enjoyed arranging Florentine processions. He looked through things and saw visions. He peopled clouds with strange fancies. In Florence there was a wall "where sick persons had used to spit." He stopped to examine it, says Vasari, "imagining that he saw there combats of horses and the most fantastic cities and extraordinary landscapes ever beheld." Such was Piero di Cosimo, a very living, odd, and arrogant man, with great delicacy of feeling, and a tender sensitiveness for beauty, and sympathy for sorrow, or he could never have painted "The Death of Procris."

But, it may well be asked, why write about him at such length now? Well, among the score of invitations to new picture exhibitions that strewed my table, I found one with the name of Piero di Cosimo upon it, and memories awoke. The picture "The Battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ," height 27½ inches, width 101½ inches, was to be seen at the Carfax Galleries. Thither I went, and was rewarded. For behind the riot of mixed fighting, the product of Piero's invention, not of his imagination, are little peeps of landscape that show the true Piero. The trees stand dark against a faint glowing sky. Again I saw his quiet low-lying water; again his blue hills. "He loved," says Vasari, "to see everything wild, saying that nature ought not to be interfered with." Piero's invention interfered in the combat between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ. He did not care a maul-stick about it for its own sake—so it passes. But he did care for those peaceful passages of Nature that wait patiently behind the combat. He loved them for their own sake—so they remain.

C. L. H.

## Science.

## Electricity and the Cosmos.

In his lecture to the Royal Institution at the end of last month, Prof. Fleming put forward a theory which at any rate suggests an answer to a question asked some weeks ago in this column—Whence comes Electricity? Starting with the experiments of Sir William Crookes with vacua of high exhaustion, he showed that, if a current of sufficient intensity passes between two terminals separated by such a vacuum, some sort of matter is actually emitted by the negative pole or cathode. This, which is called by its discoverer radiant matter, can be intercepted by a cross or other figure of aluminium or mica so as to cast a veritable "Shadow of the Cross" on the other end of the exhausted tube. Or it may be made to impinge upon the vanes of a small wheel of mica, which it will thereby cause to revolve. But if it be allowed to fall unhindered upon the glass at the other end of the tube it flashes into the most brilliant fluorescence, and the same effect is produced if there be placed at such end a diamond, ruby, or other precious stone. That something really passes is further shown by the use of a magnet which will deflect the stream of radiant matter so as to make it pass from one end of the tube to the other in a curved instead of in a straight line. These phenomena increase in brilliancy up to a certain point with the degree of exhaustion of the tube, but if the exhaustion be pushed so far as to produce a complete vacuum, the discharge ceases at once, and no effects are produced. So true is it that a complete vacuum is the most complete insulator known.

Now the way at present in fashion of accounting for these phenomena of the Crookes' tube is that the molecules of gas (whether common air or otherwise) left in it are split up by the electric current into still smaller bodies called ions, which are set in motion by charges of electricity so small that a thousand of these "electrons" are only equal to one chemical atom of hydrogen. But this seems to imply that electricity is itself a substance that is capable of almost infinite subdivision, and Prof. Fleming, on Friday week, did not shrink from the implication. He said, indeed, with some gentle irony, that the Press had in this respect been wiser than many men of science, for that they had in their descriptions of accidents by lightning or electrocution always refused to speak of electricity under any other name than the electric fluid, instead of confusing their readers by allusions to oscillations or vibrations. But if electricity is a fluid, it must be a fluid differing in its attributes from any other fluid known to us. It appears to have no weight, though perhaps this can be accounted for by supposing that it is so universally present that we cannot remove it from any one portion of space in order to try whether it has weight or not. But is it possible to conceive of a fluid whose different particles repel each other as "like" electricities, or electricities of the same sign, are known to do? At any rate, there is only one fluid that can possibly behave in this manner, and that is the luminiferous ether that pervades even interplanetary space.

This, however, is by the way. Prof. Fleming went on to describe how, under the influence of the current, the different electrons passed from one atom of matter to the other, leaving, as he said, the atom from which they were torn positively charged, and conveying a negative charge to that to which they attach themselves. According to the electronic theory, indeed, the electrons or particles of electricity must, in all electrified substances, be in constant movement, starting out from the negative pole or cathode, and passing in turn from one molecule to another until they land at the positive or anode. Looking around for some instance of this movement on a gigantic scale, Prof. Fleming pitched upon the sun, and quoted

with approval the theory of the Swedish physicist Arrhenius that the centre of our system might be a huge cathode sending forth into space showers of electrons, which from their extremely minute state of subdivision would be, he thought, superior to gravity, and would therefore be diffused through the universe instead of falling back on his surface. Some proof of this, it was suggested, might be found in the phenomena of auroras, which were shown by observation to correspond with fair exactness, to the prevalence of dark spots on the sun's surface, and to those violent oscillations of the compass needle which are called magnetic storms. The shower of electrons passing through strata of air or gases of a certain density might, he thought, produce the luminous streamers of the aurora.

Which things may be, although it cannot be said that they are yet in any way proved. The recent experiments of Nordmann at Mount Blanc, as I mentioned in a former article, go to show that the sun does not throw off those periodic oscillations of electricity known as Hertzian waves, or that if he does, they are taken up before reaching the lower strata of our atmosphere. But this does not necessarily militate against his being a producer of electrons, although it perhaps casts some doubt upon it. Moreover, the hypotheses of science when they are not susceptible of absolute proof, are valuable just in so far as they enable us to group and explain facts which would otherwise appear dissociated and inexplicable, and thus, as Dastre has said, to arrive at truth by successive approximations. In the present instance, the electronic theory enables us to explain, as we have seen, the phenomena of Crookes' tube, and perhaps most of the discrepancies in the conduct of positive and negative electricity that have hitherto puzzled us. On the other hand, it does not seem to explain the action of a magnet upon a compass needle, which will take place, apparently, across an intervening vacuum, in which no electrical action is possible.

It is, however, in its cosmical application that the theory is most tremendous. If it be really true that the great source of terrestrial electricity is the sun, we need not despair of one day finding means by which we can collect and store it more efficiently than we can do at present, and thus have at our disposal a source of power to which steam will be as bows and arrows to long-range rifles. It is probable, too, that we might in that case come in time to understand the links that connect the different meteorological phenomena, and thus to be able to predict with certainty the sequence of good and bad seasons, if we did not hit upon some method of modifying them. But even then the riddles of the universe would not all be solved. For, under terrestrial conditions at any rate, electricity is of two kinds, and the existence of a negative pole throwing off electrons presupposes the existence of a positive pole somewhere else. If then we are to suppose on Arrhenius' theory, that the sun is a gigantic cathode, we must suppose that there is somewhere an equally gigantic anode corresponding to him. Thus we should no sooner have solved the question, Whence comes electricity? than we should find ourselves confronted with the even more difficult and not less important one, Whither?

F. LEGGE.

## Correspondence.

## Speaking to Musical Notes.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Symons has said, in his friendly account of my theories about the speaking of poetry to musical notes, that the fixing of the pitch by a notation makes "any personal interpretation good or bad impossible." The notation of a song is much more elaborate than any notation for speech made by Mr. Dolmetsch or Miss Farr, and yet the singer finds room enough for "personal

interpretation." Indeed, I am persuaded that the fixing of the pitch gives more delicacy and beauty to the "personal interpretation," for it leaves the speaker free to preoccupy himself with the subtlest modulations. Before we recorded pitch we made many experiments in rythmical speech, and I found that Miss Farr would speak a poem with admirable expression and then speak it quite ineffectively time after time. She found it impossible to recall her moment of inspiration; but now, though she varies, she does so within a far narrower range. Her best inspirations are at least as good as they were, while her failures never sink into disorder.

If Mr. Symons will borrow one of my psalteries and speak one of his own poems to a notation of his own, he will find—for I think his ear is good enough to speak to the notes without giving them too much attention—that he will light on all kinds of beautiful or dramatic modulations which would never have occurred to him had not the cruder effects been fixed by the notation. He will discover, too, that the right changes of pitch can seldom be got at once, and that once got they will seem so important that even the best recitation without fixed notes will generally show itself for mere disorder. Everything in any art that can be recorded and taught should be recorded and taught, for by doing so we take a burden from the imagination, which climbs higher in light armour than in heavy. If Mr. Symons will then make an extremely simple tune, like the very simplest folk-music, and record it and speak his poem to this tune, he will find, I think, that this new art is also an extremely old one, and that it is probable that we should sometimes speak an old folk song instead of singing it, as we understand singing. I have heard Irish country-women, whose singing is called "traditional Irish singing," speak their little songs precisely as Miss Farr does some of hers, only with rather less drama. The tune must be very simple, for if there are more than a few notes the one tune will not adopt itself to the emotions of different verses. Is it not possible that we have been mistaken in considering this kind of little tunes merely as undeveloped music? It might have been wiser to have sometimes thought of them as the art of regulated speech, already perhaps near its decadence. I imagine men spoke their verses first to a regulated pitch without a tune, and then, eager for variety, spoke to tunes which gradually became themselves the chief preoccupation until speech died out in music.

From time to time indeed musicians have tried to give speech some importance, but music has always been their chief preoccupation and their "recitative" has got its variety from the accompaniment and not from the rhythm of the verse. If the speaker to musical notes will attend to the subtleties of rhythm as carefully as a singer attends to the musical inventions of the composer, his speech will not "drift" into "intoning." It was said that "the song of Rachel" degenerated into "sing song" with the rest of her company, but that did not prove that her method of speaking verse was wrong. But after all, if I am right in claiming antiquity for this art of speaking to musical notes, discussion of its merits is idle. No art can pass away for ever, till the human nature it once delighted has passed away, and that can hardly be until Michael's trumpet.—Yours truly,

W. B. YEATS.

### Book or Man?

SIR,—A book was not cheered at the big Manchester meeting addressed by Mr. Asquith. It was the name of John Morley. I was there and all round me in the area clapped their hands and cried "Morley." Others whom I have asked since your paragraph appeared, agree. No, it was not a book.—Yours faithfully,

Melbrook, Bowdon, Cheshire. WILLIAM TATTERSALL.

### Rodin.

SIR,—It is as an inquirer, in no wise as a critic, that I address you on the subject of M. Rodin's sculptures. In his interesting article on "Rodin and French Sculpture," in your issue of May 24, "C. L. H." made much of M. Rodin's "fealty to the material in which he works," a fealty shown in his "Tête" and other triumphs, wherein a head, or even a hand, emerges solitarily from a block of unhewn marble. In naming this as Rodin's "chief characteristic," "C. L. H." impresses me with a sense of the French sculptor's originality. For it will be agreed, I think, that in the case of every earlier master (from Phidias downwards), fealty to the material in which the sculptor worked was manifested in a desire to detach a complete entity from that material. The Venus of Milo stands purged of the last unformative grain of the marble from which she was cut, and the same may be said of every great antique statue. In M. Rodin's work this is reversed. "There has been no divorce," *His fealty to the material in which he works consists in leaving two-thirds of it untouched.* "The head," says "C. L. H.," "has come to life, but she clings loyally and trustingly to her birthland"—the block of marble.

Now, sir, I am not competent to discuss the question of art, a large one as it seems to me, which rises out of such a distinction. I can envy the receptivity, or fluidity of appreciation, which enables "C. L. H." to enter at once into the enjoyment and approval of this convention. For myself, I own that I feel clogged by reminiscences of the British Museum, where I can remember spending an afternoon in an attempt to transfer to paper the clean-cut god-like limbs of the Hermes, where also I have stood many times in reverie before the Demeter of Cnidos. Here nothing is blurred or hidden save by Time, and even Time has left the sense, if not the fact, of that absolute completeness and finish which I had thought was of the very genius of Sculpture.

I wish, then, that Rodin's admirers were as willing to argue as they are to assert the admirableness of his nebulousness, and to discuss the question of its relation or want of relation to the Greek masterpieces. As it is, I have ignoble doubts as to whether this Rodinian sketching in stone is not rather theatrical than artistic, and whether a sculptor who leaves a head sprouting from a block of rough marble can be said to have exercised "delicacy of restraint" in not endowing that head with a body. In Rodin's impressionism—which of course extends much beyond the isolation of heads and hands—every one must recognise an attempt to extend the powers of Sculpture into regions which it has not yet entered or even surveyed. Is that attempt doomed to failure (as some think) by the limitations and genius of Sculpture, or is it the beginning of an art of which Phidias dreamed not, nor Canova? If the latter, then Rodin is already immortal; but is it Philistine to doubt in so great a matter—thus early?—I am, &c.,

H. T. JINNEWAY.

### "It's human, but is it Art?"

SIR,—I think Mr. Wall a little misses the point of my letter under this heading.

A "subject" may be anything from the subtlest sentiment or emotion to the most obvious transcript. At which point between these are we to divide right from wrong: "literary" from artistic?

Curiously enough, there is a popularity for the mere performance in paint-marks as well as for the photographic present of paltry anecdote. The critics favour the one; the people the other, and the true artist alone sees that both are mistaken and that the truth lies between the two.

With Mr. Wall, I deplore the predominance of "literary" subject in pictures, and when "C. L. H." gives us prose

renderings of sculpture, Mr. Symons butterfly poetry about music, and Mr. Yeats has ideas of speaking verse, the confusion is great indeed!

This difficulty in separating the arts leads me to the conclusion that they are connected, after all. More than that, if the critic is to arrive at any true and living estimate of art, he must recognise, as Ruskin did, that it is akin to all else,—not only is technique dependent for its very existence upon subject of some degree, but it is uplifted in its firm-directed message. The age is intent upon divorce. It holds what it calls genius not responsible. It bids the church become separate from the workshop. Now it would deny audible speech to art or let it minister only to some rare cultivated thrill. Only one critic have we had, and he was a seer as well. His name was John Ruskin. And at a time when it is the custom to make little of all his labours and to deny his conquests, I can only suggest the most casual comparison of him with those we call by the name of "critics" now.—Yours faithfully,

JAMES J. GUTHRIE.

### Sleep.

SIR,—I wish—but perhaps unreasonably—that Mr. Legge had alluded, in his suggestive article on Sleep, to some of the phenomena of hypnotism which appertain to the subject.

Hypnotism has been too often discredited, owing to the pretensions of charlatans and the phantasies of some writers of fiction, so that it is much misunderstood by the general public, who are apt to fancy that it is due to the influence of a strong will upon a weak one, or to some supernormal power possessed by very few. As in ordinary or automatic sleep, this form of the artificial species is characterised by the passivity of one class of functions accompanying the activity of others, which phenomenon contributes to its disciplinary and therapeutic value.

Like natural sleep, insanity, or barbarism, hypnotism is of great use in the study of psychology, when duly utilised; but, so far, most students seem inclined to deduce elaborate fallacies from simple facts.

It is to be hoped that the current century will show at least as great advance in mental science, as its predecessor has done in the material or physical variety; and I believe that it will do so, as usual, by means of the comparatively few leaders of progressive thought to be found in any age.

As a simple instance of the way in which a brain will operate during sleep, I offer the following:—Once in a dream, I fancied that I was listening to a dialogue, in which one man asked, "What is the greatest enemy of Providence?" The other promptly replied, "Improvvidence," and then I awoke!

It is by a similar process of reasoning, such as it is, that many dreams prove prophetic. An abnormally alert instinct or insight replaces the more sluggish reason, when the outer consciousness is superseded by the inner; so that, in the solution of psychological problems, not only is character better understood, but circumstances are also more justly estimated, till the resulting destiny can be foreseen and foretold with remarkable truthfulness.—Yours faithfully,

418, Morningside Road,  
Edinburgh.

JOHN F. MACKENZIE.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 141 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best paper entitled "My First Sight of the Sea." We have received 34 contributions, in none of which we can distinguish striking merit. We

award the prize to Mr. Norman Martyn, Clifton House, George Lane, Lewisham, S.E., for the following:—

#### "MY FIRST SIGHT OF THE SEA."

I was eight years of age, and my father was changing from a small village vicarage to a large and important town living. For the purpose of establishing his health, and as a preparation for his future work we spent a month on the Cornish coast.

It was during the first evening of our visit to this delightful retreat that my mother lost her engagement ring, and in connection with that event thoughts that I was unable to express arose.

It was only the gift of a struggling curate, but love as vast as the ocean before me, as deep, as never failing in resource, had thought and planned, worked and denied ere the gift could be given. Till the tide rolled in we toiled in search, but the relentless deep washed over and away from sight that emblem of love.

"Cold, merciless, cruel sea!" childlike I shook my fist at omnipotence.

"You are vast, deep, grand, powerful, but cold—you have no soul. I know something as vast as you and as deep—a mother's love, a wife's devotion. Here is the difference—you remove obstacles to your progress because you are strong—she is strong because she has conquered."

I felt the difference, but could not understand the cause. Now I know. The warm heart that beats with love is her possession and your need.

Two other contributions follow:—

It makes one stop to think for a moment, this trying to recollect one's first glimpse of the sea. And as one does so, a secondary thought comes. Is the first retina-impression of the sea necessarily the first sight of the sea? Is not our first sight of the sea, the time when we look out over the waters, and when there happens to us what has never happened before—when there suddenly comes to us an intuition, a sense of infinitude, a sense of the sea as the sea, and not merely as so much water? Can we not say that until we have thus become conscious of its meaning, as it were, that we have merely looked at it, never seen it before? I must have been quite a child when I was first shown the sea. I must have seen that it was water—of any impression, however, none seems to have remained. But how different from my first real sight of the sea! I was at Boulogne. I had climbed up the cliffs from the land side. The green turfed hillside hid the sea from me—I did not dream of its nearness. Suddenly I reached the ridge; the screening hillside dropped down from in front of me, and, without a moment's warning, my gaze was pitched out into the unknown, lost for a moment in the unthought-of blue abyss beyond. For a fraction of time there came a sense of infinitude, of illimitableness; a moment more, and my eyes had caught the sky-line, and the sea was once more only a thing of boundaries and confines.

[T. W. C., Wandsworth.]

I was born by the sea and I lived by the sea. I touched it and smelled it, sailed on it and heard it—but I was blind. Yet I was happy for the sea, the dear little sea, was my friend, and gave me unending joy and entertainment.

I thought of it as a living thing and in all its moods I loved it. Ah! the sea! the sea!

I knew no music to compare to the soft ripple of its waves or to the roar of its mighty billows. Sometimes I listened to stories of it. It was cruel and treacherous and deep and cold, they told me, but I laughed and refused to believe them for the sea was my lover. Then they described it to me, but even in imagination the blind cannot see, and colour and space were meaningless terms, so still I spoke of my little sea.

But one wonderful day the skill of science and the surgeon's knife lifted the veil from my eyes and I beheld the light. Very gradually people and things were introduced to me, and then I begged for a sight of the sea. "Let me see it," I pleaded, and at last they let me.

The sea—Was this my little sea? I gazed upon it in horror. Oh! how dreary, how vast, and how sad! I turned away with a bitter cry of disappointment, and now I understand why in Heaven there will be no more sea.

[A. S. H., Dalkeith.]

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